

THE WORLD.

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OPEN TO ALL

THE NEW YORK

GUARANTEES

THAT ITS REGULAR AVERAGE
DAILY CIRCULATION DURING
THE FIRST SIX MONTHS OF THIS
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THIS IS AT LEAST ONE HUNDRED
THOUSAND COPIES PER DAY MORE
THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER NEWSPAPER
IN AMERICA

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TO REFUND

ALL MONEY PAID FOR ADVERTISING
UPON A PROPER TEST
THE ABOVE STATEMENT IS NOT
VERIFIED.

Circulation Books Always Open.

THE TRUST DEVIL-FISH.

The report of the House Committee on
Manufactures discloses the purpose and
methods of the Sugar Trust and the Standard
Oil Trust.

Their object is to break down the laws of
trade and to evade the laws against conspiracies.

They have practically substituted combination
for competition as the rule of business.
They fix the price at which every pound of
sugar and every gallon of oil is sold in this
country.

This is simply organized robbery. If it
cannot be prevented under existing laws,
Congress should not adjourn without framing
another law that will forbid it.

TO "KILL STRIKES."

A Russian Pole, who has been in this
country for thirteen years and has studied the
emigration question carefully, testified yester-
day that the Polish immigrants were
induced to come over by agents of steamship
companies and contractors, and were "used
in the mining districts to kill strikes."

This is the way the protected coal barons
guard American labor! They grind the
miners down to the lowest wages on which
life can be maintained, and when they strike
import a gang of "pauper laborers" from
Europe to "kill the strike."

Free trade in coal would be no more than a
fair offer for free trade in miners. But the
enactment and enforcement of laws against a
conspiracy to put up the price of coal and
keep down the price of labor is what is
needed.

A "young Democrat," who doesn't want to
vote for Cleveland, is advised by the self-
appointed tooter of the "United Democ-
racy" to "Do what you think right, young
friend, and no one will be justified in find-
ing fault with your act." How beautifully
this harmonizes with the fish-wife abuse
which this same journal bestowed upon 20,000
good Democrats last fall, for "doing what
they thought was right" in voting for Dr.
Lancaster Nicolai for District-Attorney.

A well-informed witness before the Inves-
tigating Committee confirmed on yesterday
what THE WORLD charged and proved a year
ago—that "Castle Garden needs entire reor-
ganization to save the country from trouble."
In reply to a direct question, he said that the
Commissioners do not enforce the law.

It is John Bull's way to make sure of a ver-
dict or a decision against accused Irishmen
by packing the jury or fixing the Court in
advance. The tactics in the FARNELL in-
quiry are nothing new. What gave birth to
the exploded tradition that John Bull is a
friend of fair play?

To Congressman Cox the thanks of the
public are largely due for the improved let-
ter-delivery system under the Eight-Hour
law; and the band of new carriers who have
"got a job" understand their obligations in
the same quarter.

The rocket Boulanger appears to be "com-
ing down like a stick." The French can for-
give much in their heroes, but for a fire-
breathing General to be spitted like a spring
turkey, in a duel with an old civilian, was
too much.

The "lie" held, at any rate.

Shooting Won't Kill Them.

At Governor Russell's morning, it was
said that John Brown, who shot himself while
driving a mortar, was getting along very
well.

The surgeon also said that John Brown, the young
man, was getting along very well.

The surgeon also said that John Brown, the young
man, was getting along very well.

FULTON MARKET Dainties.

Squash, 15 cents.
Celery, 10 cents.
Whitehead, 15c. a box.
Stripped bass, 50 cents.
Corn, 25 cents a dozen.
Apricots, 30 cents a box.
Soft shell crabs, \$1 a dozen.
Watermelons, 25 to 40 cents.
Bananas, 25 cents a bunch.
Fruit legs, 50 cents a pound.
Live lobster, 10 cents a pound.
Peaches, 40 cents to \$1 a dozen.
Fresh eggs, 20 and 25 cents a dozen.
American Cheese, 12 cents a pound.
Muskmelons, 5 cents; best, 10 cents.
Blackfish, 8 cents; bluefish, 10 cents.
Pears, 25 cents a dozen, best 30 cents.
Figs, 10 cents a dozen; large, 75 to \$1.
Grapes, 50 cents a pound; best, 80 cents.
Best butter, 15 cents; good butter, 10 cents.
Lima beans, first of the season, \$1.25 a peck.

WHERE BLUECOATS FLY.

Sgt. Halpin enjoys fishing at Parkway.
Detective Nugent, of the First Precinct, will go
to Saratoga.
Sgt. Welch, of the Seventh, will drink mineral
water at Saratoga.
Detective James Oates, of the Old Slip station,
will go to Saratoga.
Detective Murphy, of the Elizabeth street station,
will go up the Hudson.
Sgt. O'Brien, of the Madison street station,
will visit relatives in the upper part of the State.
Sgt. Burke, of the First Precinct, will take his
family to Saratoga and Niagara Falls this summer.
Saratoga has special charms for many of our
police officers. Quite a large number of them will
visit the springs this summer.

WORLDLINGS.

It is related among other exploits of the desper-
ado, the Lambert, who was recently arrested in
Alabama for killing three men, that he once com-
pelled a young lawyer to pick a banjo all night for
his amusement, keeping him covered the entire
time with a loaded revolver.

The fastest train in this country are two flyers
on the Baltimore and Ohio road that are scheduled
to run the forty miles between Baltimore and
Washington in forty-five minutes. The slowest
train is a North Carolina "express" which con-
sumes nine hours in running 100 miles.

The oldest active traveling salesman west of the
Alleghenies is John Dittler, of Mansfield, O. He
has travelled constantly for thirty-five years. He
has a rival in Mr. Parmely, who represents a
Cleveland paper house, but the knights of the grip
generally concede that the honors are with Mr.
Dittler.

R. W. Crielwell, editor of the *Old City Derrick*,
has recently become the owner of a unique cane
made of the skin of a rattlesnake. The skin is of
the natural size, tanned, stretched tightly over a
hickory stick, varnished and handsomely mounted.
The cane looks at first sight as if it were made of
highly polished mottled wood.

George W. Childs, the Philadelphia editor and
philanthropist, has an extremely rare and valuable
collection of manuscripts. One of the most inter-
esting is that of Edgar Allan Poe's "The
Mystery of the Blue Room." The story is written
in a fine hand, with but few corrections, and covers
sixteen pages of large folio paper.

WHAT THEY SAY.

Sheriff Grant—I intend to spend the spring and
summer of 1889 in Europe.

Lawrence G. O'Brien—Henry D. Furry is not
ambitious to be a great leader.

James J. Fleming—Register John Kelly is
doing the Thousand Islands. He returns by way of
the White Mountains.

Judge Miller—Gov. Hill will be re-nominated by
secession.

Peter Mitchell—I sail to-morrow for Europe.

Nicholas Hamilton—I am taking in \$300 a day at
my café in the Alster Building.

Sheridan Shook—On the average I smoke twenty
cigars a day.

John Jay Matthews—I hear a good deal of talk
about betting on the Presidency, but I see very
little money being put up.

Ex-Assistant Attorney Isaac Robinson—Mon-
days, Wednesdays and Saturdays are my tariff de-
bating days.

Col. Tom Dunlap—Cleveland will win. He gave
us an innuendo it will re-elect him.

Thomas P. Gilroy—Yes, I leave for Europe to-
morrow. I will return before October.

A member of the Third House—I think Tammany
Hall will nominate Roswell P. Flower for Mayor.

A Note of Good Cheer.

To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD:
I am a constant reader of THE EVENING
WORLD. I like it better than any other paper
published, and I believe it is worthy of all
praise, for its charitable work especially.

Mrs. S. M. D.

A Mere Trifle.

Mamma—What's the matter, precious? Mabel,
you naughty child, what have you been doing to
your poor little sister?

Mabel (virtuously and defiantly)—Nothing!
Mamma—You have! I know you have!
Mabel—I only told her she's got to die some day,
and she says she won't.

A Life of President Cleveland.

The life and history of Grover Cleveland, and is
just published in the Graphic Library. It is a six-
teen-page pamphlet and contains among numerous
illustrations, good portraits of the President and
Cleveland. The sketch is brought down to the
latest date and the letter press is very good.

Newa Summary.

A St. Louis cow bitten by a dog roes mad.
Some Kentucky boys play Indians and two are
fatally shot.

A Sheriff's jury declares Charlie Jones, the
brother, insane.

Gen. Boulanger's complete retirement from pub-
lic life is predicted.

A Georgia congressman states his son-in-law
three times through the lungs and kills him.

William O'Brien wins his suit against the Cork
Constitution and gets a five-hundred-dollar verdict.

Mayor McHugh, of Sligo, Ireland, is sent to
prison for four months for passing boycott notices
in a paper owned by him.

Herman Oelrichs has to swim from the Wawa-
ganda Club-house to the First Island hotel, and is
carried away by the tide. Judge Clancy's yacht
picks him up.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are reported during the
week by MEXICO'S TERTIUM CORRAL. 25 cents.



THE FIRST JOKE.

A Very Aggravated Case of Punning Com-
mitted in a Drug Store.

"I want some concentrated yea," he slowly
announced as he entered the store.

"You mean concentrated yea," suggested the
druggist, as he repressed a smile.

"Well, maybe I do. It does nutmeg any
difference. It's what I camphor, anyhow.
What does it sulphur?"

"Fifteen cents a can,"

"Then you can give me a can."

"I never cinnamon who thought himself
so witty as you do," said the druggist in a
sneering manner, feeling called upon to do a
little punning himself.

"Well, that's not bad either," laughed the
customer, with a cryptic glance. "I
am a novice at the business, though I
have a good many puns that other pun-
sters reaped the credit of. However, I don't
care a copper for all I am concerned, though
they ought to be handled without gloves till
they wouldn't know what was the matter
with them. Perhaps I should say myrrh-
them. We have had a pleasant time, and I
shall carry."

The druggist collapsed at this point.
New York.

Joke Number Two.

To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD:
Seeing that you offer prizes for original
jokes I submit the enclosed bit of United
States copper in hopes that it will be the best
one sent.

[This joke was referred to the office boy.]

Joke Number Three.

To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD:
A Newark head asked his girl why the
music engaged for his Sunday-school picnic
was like at Thurman's handkerchief. When
she couldn't guess to save her sweet life, he
said: "Because it's a band, Anna."

J. S. HACKETT,
38 Pennington street, Newark, N. J., July
30.

Joke No. 4.

Mr. Snoops to friend, who has called with
his wife for the first time, rubbing hands
frantically—Yes, sir! This is my little
home. Here I am free and happy as the day
is long with my little family. A light heart,
no boy, don't owe a dollar, ha, ha! That's
the way to live happy, em!

Fried—L-u-c-k-y-o-g!—Plase, mr.
Mister Hatcher, of whatever 'ee please
to call him, says as I am ter tell 'ee for
the last time that if yez don't pay your gas bill
now, this instant, he'll have the gas turned
off, and sure he will.

R. O. COLEY,
July 30.

A Juvenile Joke.

As I was walking through the street I
heard two boys talking about their muscular
power in throwing a ball. "Out of sight,"
said one. "Can throw the ball out of sight,"
said the other. "No, it's not in the air,"
they made a formal wager of five cents that
he could not do it. Whereupon the boy saw
a great deal of mud and threw the ball into
it and accomplished the feat and won the bet.

BENEDICT BECKMAN,
806 Sixth avenue, New York City.

Friendly with Bill Nye.

To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD:
Please send to the undersigned a copy of
this EVENING WORLD, as I wish to see the
conditions of the Best Joke Contest. Bill
Nye and I are good friends.

G. T. QUIGLEY,
Exchange Hotel, Corning, N. Y., July 30.

An Invitation for the Joke Editor.

To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD:
I am in the habit of reading your paper in
the evening, and, having a good chance to
help you in the joke line, I should be very
much pleased if you would call upon some
Sunday morning, and hear the questions I have
me. As to people being thick-headed, you
should hear them here. You will have to
hear and see the people to appreciate the
jokes. Any time you want to publish any
good joke I think you better come or send a
representative to the foot of East Thirty-
fourth street, New York City, and oblige.

A. S. HUGHES, Publisher Director,
Foot of East Thirty-fourth street, New
York, July 30.

Conditions of the Contest.

Following are the conditions of THE EVEN-
ING WORLD's joke contest: It is open to
everybody—men, women and children. Any
person can submit one or as many jokes as
desired. The decision, however, will be
made on the merits of the best joke in the
collection.

The jokes must be original, that is to say,
they shall not have previously appeared in
print to the knowledge of the competitor.
One joke must be written on one side of a
sheet of paper, or if two or more sheets are
required, they must be neatly secured to-
gether. Each joke must bear the name of
the competitor and the date on which it was
sent.

The jokes may consist of from one word to
200. The latter limit must not be exceeded,
and the jokes must be written on one side of a
sheet of paper, or if two or more sheets are
required, they must be neatly secured to-
gether. Each joke must bear the name of the
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FOR THE PUZZLERS.

A Few of the Many Nuts Sent In to Be
Cracked.

Following are a few of the enigmas and
other puzzles contributed by THE EVENING
WORLD's readers. Most of them are rather
easy, but there are several in the list which
may cause you to knit your brows. On
account of the simplicity of some of
the puzzles, and in order not to
make honors too easy, only the names of the
keen-witted puzzlers who send in correct an-
swers to all the puzzles herewith printed will
be published.

Please number your answers as the puzzles
are numbered.

I. A Little Charade.

To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD:
When the day is past and over,
Then my girl and her mother
With their father and their mother
My first enjoy.

My next transpire and it will show
A liquid which so many know:
And all who take it to excess
Will find it brings them much distress.

My third behead and then transpire,
The son of an earl will then disclose.
My whole, now, riddlers, if you can ween,
On a page of this paper is plain to be seen.

Can You Unravel This?

To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD:
I am composed of twenty-nine letters.
My 6, 13, 12, 10 is a metal.
My 20, 18, 5, 16 is a portion of the body.
My 14, 8, 12, 19 is a fierce animal.
My 10, 8, 24, 14 is a human being.
My 22, 14, 12, 24, 8, 29, 23 is the name of
a state.

My 1, 8, 19 is a metal.
My 2, 8, 17 is to strike.
My 11, 12, 14, 22 is an animal.
My 10, 18, 12, 19 is a portion of the body.
My 20, 6, 14, 18, 11, 25, 13, 4 is the name of
a bay.

My 3, 8, 5, 14 is bad.
My 14, 4, 18 comes from the kitchen.
My 24, 12, 21, 6 is a flower.
My whole is something that easily can be
proved.

Not Very Hard.

To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD:
My 1, 2, 8, 9, 16, 14 is a belief.
My 4, 19, 14, 6 is a terrible destroyer.
My 10, 18, 12, 19 is a portion of the body.
My 14, 8, 12, 19 is a fierce animal.
My 10, 8, 24, 14 is a human being.
My 22, 14, 12, 24, 8, 29, 23 is the name of
a state.

My 17, 12, 13, 18, 3, 7 is something to aim
for.

My 10, 5, 19, is a game at cards.
My whole is a good cry of THE EVENING
WORLD.

ALFRED BERMAN,
82 East One Hundred and Eleventh street.

IV. This Is Easy.

To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD:
My 1, 3, 7 is a refreshing drink.
My 2, 20, 8 is a covering for the head.
My 14, 4, 18 comes from the kitchen.
My 5, 6, 10, 11 signifies repose.
My 19, 22, 16 one writes with.
My 9, 15, 12, 17 means equal.
My 23, 16, 21 is to tear.

The whole describes THE EVENING WORLD.
HENRY J. WHITE,
139 West Eighty-seventh street, city.

V. Here's a Cryptogram.

To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD:
Find inclosed something to puzzle the
sharp-witted readers of THE EVENING WORLD.
It is in the form of a cryptogram.

W. J. MAHER,
62 East Sixty-ninth street, city.

VI. A Cryptogram.

To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD:
Here is a charade which I hope will meet
your approval.

JAY F. ELL, JR.,
THE CHAMPION OF RIGHT.

The first is used ten million times a second,
The second follows every single day;
The third we live in, and you may have reckoned
The whole the best thing that you read all day.

MADE BY A THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD.

To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD:
Inclosed please find my enigma, which I
trust you will publish, as I am positive that
it will interest many readers who acknowledge
its truth.

My 1, 8, 3, 23, 12, 10, 16, 13 is a Presiden-
tial candidate.
My 9, 21, 23, 17, 22, 12, 11, 9 an animal cov-
ered with hard shell.

My 18, 8, 4 is that which grows larger
the more you take from it.

My 15, 19, 5 is a covering.
My 20, 4, 1, 3 is a delicious fruit.
My 7, 19, 14, 2, 5, 23 is one who begs.
My whole is what THE EVENING WORLD is
and always has been.

ELLEN CORBIN,
205 East One Hundred and Fifteenth street.

VIII. Who Can Read This?

Found on Hotel Books.

Gen. John McNulta, of Illinois, is a guest at the
Windsor.

H. R. Havens, of Minneapolis, is staying at the
Beverly Hotel, and is a guest at the Windsor.

L. Adler, of Rochester, was the first arrival at
Hotel Bismarck this morning.

Major Edward Maguire, Engineer Corps, U. S.
Army, and Major T. D. Boney may be found at the
Grand Hotel.

Ex-Treasurer John T. New, accompanied by his
wife and daughter and Mr. Bacon, of Louisville,
Ky., are at the Gilesey House.

A. G. Yates, of Rochester; William S. Hopkins,
of San Francisco; and Col. C. W. Knox, of Vir-
ginia, are at the Windsor.

Hotel Brunswick book shows the signatures of
Dr. C. H. White, C. S. N.; Henri Crane, of Bos-
ton; and Major T. D. Boney may be found at the
Grand Hotel.

Fifth Avenue arrivals this morning are O. W.
Potter and R. C. Hannah, well known in railroad
circles in Chicago, and C. W. Sherborne, of Bos-
ton.

Among the new guests at the Albemarle are C. O.
Goody, of St. Louis; Franklin P. Custer, of Bel-
more; State Senator C. W. Delamater, of West-
ville, Pa.; and Surgeon J. R. Wagner, U. S. N.

FROM THE CITY'S WHIRL.

With but One Horse, No Conductor and a
Short Route, Each Car Makes a Fortune.

The idea generally prevails that the reason
conductors are not employed on most of the
cross-town lines is because the companies
cannot afford them.

This is doubtless a fallacy, and the argu-
ments to prove it to be such are many, and
should be convincing. They are these:

First—Cross-town roads are not more than one-
third as long, as a rule, as the longitudinal
lines. Their rolling stock is lighter, and so is
their track. Less money is required to
build and equip, and much less to keep them
in repair, than is expended by the
lines running lengthwise of the city.

One horse, too, does the duty of nearly
four animals on the long lines. Passengers,
as a usual